

## RURAL NUTMEG POLITICS

**MR. HALE AND MR. WILLIAMS CONTEST FOR SALEM TREASURERSHIP.**

**MR. WILLIAMS, DEMOCRAT, HAS THE OFFICE AND THE MONEY; IN FACT, HE IS THE TREASURY. MR. BAILE HAS THE VOTES—THE OFFICE, APART FROM THE HONOR, IS WORTH \$16 A YEAR.**

**NORWICH, Dec. 30.**—There are just 100 voters in Salem, an elevated town among the country hills, ten miles west of this city, and each fall Democrats and Republicans have a desperate grapple there for the local office.

which are worth \$100 for the whole lot. But the other side in the struggle is solely inspired with a sordid love of gain: It is a fact that nowhere else in Connecticut does the pulse of pure patriotism beat so high and throbs so warmly as in Salem. Just now the breast of Salem patriotism is agitated by a struggle between Charles A. Williams, Democrat, and George W. Hale, Republican, for the office of Town Treasurer. This glittering politico-official bawle is worth in salary and emoluments just \$10, in money, a year. In the glorification of it, however, and which is

popularly believed to trickle over the head of the incumbent thereof, it is worth very much more: would probably fetch \$90 more if it was put up at auction—in Salem.

Mr. Williams, Democrat, holds the office now, having been Town Treasurer during 1891. Mr. Hale wants to get hold of it and oust Mr. Williams. Mr. Hale was elected to the office of assessor.

not of such consequence in Salem. When a man gets a thing in Salem, it is for keeps, which is certainly ten points of possession, if not more than nine in law. Mr. Williams is in the office, since it is his "settin'" room all the time, figuratively, and he is in it all the time, practically, because when he goes out, temporarily, he has with him a "settin'" room. He has got the office desk, without a doubt, office, books, office clock, town accounts, and town cash; while Mr. Hale, who is Town Treasurer elect, without doubt, is strutting about town, without any credentials, books, town accounts, or official standing. Mr.

dicted, and Mr. Williams is that much gratified. The  
functionary and function, the Salem town  
clerk, Mr. Williams is a good deal of a  
over the situation, which manifestly is a con-  
dition, and frets and fumes; while Mr. Wil-  
liams each day, when the morning or afternoon  
sun streams pleasantly into the warm set-  
ting room, softly turns the clock thereof, strolls  
into the apartment, and looks in front of  
the glowing hearth fire, which illuminates  
the town treasurer's polished little desk,  
sticks his thumbs in his waistcoat arm-  
holes, sighs to himself, and feels that  
he is justified. In this way Mr. Hale has  
been kept out of office for nearly three months.  
The town clerk, Mr. Williams, is a good  
Williams' house, by name, Mr. John, into the

But Williams is almost always on. At any rate, the door leading to it, is locked. Both Williams and Hale are fine, comfortable-looking, well-to-do farmers; both are very much in awe of that uncertain and capricious power which they call majesty. "I'm interested," hence the name of Sale's, in the country and in the amusements over their controversy.

This week, however, Town Treasurer Hale screwed his official courage up to the sticking point, drove to Norwich, sent out a writ of mandamus, which commands Charles A. Williams to appear before the Court of Common Pleas, and to show cause why he should not pay the tax. "Why he want to fork over the

urer" to George W. Hale, in the zero weather yesterday Deputy Sheriff A. L. Story of this city drove to Salem with one pocket of his overcoat bulging with politico-legal papers, and first he served Hale's mandamus on Williams in his court and then he served a subpoena on the representative-elect Edwin H. Harris, notifying him to appear before the Connecticut legislature and prove that he really was elected to that office instead of George W. Hale, who claims that he is Salem's rightfully elected representative. All in all, Salem has less than a week to come to grips enough on hand to last for several months.

**Five Cents a Day for Workers, Millions for the Mahajah, and He Isn't Kicking.**

*From the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Jeypor is the capital and residence of one of India's wealthiest princes. The Maharajah's estate covers 15,000 square miles, and has a population of 2,500,000 souls. The city of Jeypor is encircled by a crenellated wall, with seven gateways. These are all well guarded against turbulent times in India. The city is typically Indian, with crowded streets and bazaars.

In the centre are the Maharajah's palace, beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds.

plants, and flowering shrubs. The palace and grounds occupy one-seventh of the walled city and are surrounded by a high battlemented wall built by the British.

One of the interesting sights in Jaipur is the observatory built by the celebrated royal astronomer and founder, Jey Sing. It is one of the largest in India, and is remarkable even to this date, on account of the many curious instruments—sunk, gnomons, and sundials—of solid brass. Some of the astronomical instruments are hundreds of feet in height and in diameter, and of great interest to astronomers. Many of the instruments are unknown to scientists of the present day, although they served the purpose of

The royal stables are also of considerable size. The horses cover perhaps ten acres of land, with stalls on each side and large exercise grounds in the centre. There are several hundred of fine horses, some of choice Asiatic blood from all parts of the country, of various build and color, from the finely spotted Araks to the graceful, delicately limbed Persian, the English Fajjag mare, and blood-bred English troopers.

Each horse has a special attendant, and an attendant-knight of the horse—has several servants. Each horse is double quilted, although the temperature ranges from 80° to 120° Fahrenheit. All of them are much used in the wars, and are much valued.

In my stand upon fresh ground, the spade or rake has been used to break up the surface of the soil so that we do, by its feet. Around the fetlocks are fastened leather bands, to which ropes are attached, so that the animal can neither paw, strike, nor kick. The ropes from the hind feet are fastened to a stone pillar some twenty feet away.

In spite of this, these noble animals will surely, at times, lateral ropes are fastened to each foot, so the poor creatures cannot move in any direction more than six inches. Should they still be uneasy, a large hood is drawn over their heads and eyes to keep them quiet. The horses are fed on a mixture of timothy hay, alfalfa, and butter, which makes them plump and fat as a porker—ready

eral of the finest are kept constantly saddled and richly caparisoned, to be ready at a moment's notice, for the Prince brooks no delay—anything he wants must be supplied at once. The hundreds of attendants are paid four rupees monthly, and, by the time the king boards and coothes the new creature, is not much for their families out of four cents a day. The average wages per day in India, are from three to five cents—prices not at all exorbitant when one considers that most of the men raise large families, pay house rent, etc., and buy nothing of luxuries, such as meat, etc. I've seen wages as low as four cents a day, the people are happy and contented, and one never hears of trades unions nor strikes.

twenty-five huge Indian elephants for excursions. These noble beasts are about twelve feet high and of enormous size. A car is strapped on the elephant's back, and a whole family rides on quite a lark. The animal is asked to kneel, and then, by means of a stepladder one climbs into the car on his back as if it were a house. When one is comfortably seated, with the shade drawn to keep off the sun, the elephant swings along at an easy gallop, or even a canter. The elephants are richly caparisoned with gold embroideries. His ivory tusks were set with jewels and clasped with golden bands, for he was one of the prince's favorites.

These are the fighters—huge, powerful fellows, with sharp tusks and vicious eyes. They are the fiercest of all the elephants, but especially the wild elephants in the mountains. They charge at them with full speed and plunge their tusks into their antagonists' sides and gore them to death. An elephant fighting a royal sport in India, and not to be missed if one has the opportunity to witness one.

There is a legend that the famous diamond and the cutting and setting of it, the precious stones found in the State. The native schoolboys of design is exceedingly interesting. Here the children are sent as apprentices for five years before they can earn anything, but the world

my part for this world.

They sit on the ground, with a piece of brass held by the toes, a small hammer in one hand and a small piece of steel in the other, and with these crude instruments they will hammer and hammer until they finish a highly ornamental vase or cup, the equal of anything we saw in any other country.

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**A Wolf Drive with Wolves in It.**

*From the St. Louis Republic.*

EL RENO, Ok., Dec. 27.—One of the most exciting wolf drives ever participated in in the West commenced west of here in the Cheyenne and Arapaho reservations yesterday and

and the ground frozen. Upward of 2,000 wolves and coyotes were slaughtered.

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